

BALCONY SQUARE

Published by the
Students of the
University of
Scarborough.
WERE THE PAPER WITH ALL
THE DOPE! INSIDE!

BALCONY SQUARE DECEMBER 4, 1969

REVIEW • CHINESE POETRY • P.4 • EDITORIAL

RUSSIAN TRIP • SPORTS • FREAKY CARTOONS • P.4 • 3



ROLLING STONES CRASH DETROIT • P.3 • KINKS • P.3

PHOTO OF JAGGER... CARL BLAZINA...



weekly published by the students of the university of scarborough, affiliated with the university of toronto. all opinions are those of the writer alone and do not reflect those of the student body and/or the editorial staff, office located at 1265 military trail, west hill, ontario, 284-3152. editor-in-chief michael clancy. managing editor paul scrivener. business manager dave chalmers. office monica walburger. layout henry flam. advertising: student advertising limited, 284a yonge, 368-7506

Editorial

Balcony Square Turns On

This issue marks the beginning and the end for the Balcony Square. We have come to the conclusion that there are too many campus newspapers with no definite point of view. We do have a point of view and its emphasis is on what's happening now, in the fields of music, the arts, politics and the philosophy of being young and alive.

For example, in this issue we have exclusive photos of the Rolling Stones in Detroit, and in the future we will continue to present feature articles on the most immediate topics, with interviews and comment from the people that matter.

Watch for the new Balcony Square, coming now!

— the Editor

Notice

With the beginning of the new year, BALCONY SQUARE will be adding a new section to its publication. This will be a Literary Section and it will appear once per month, perhaps more often depending upon your response in the way of contributions. There are many talented members of this institution, both Faculty and Students, and we feel that their talents should be shared with the other members of the college. This section will give them the opportunity as it will consist only of poems, short stories and the like, written by the students and staff of Scarborough College.

So, if you have written anything besides your name and you would like to have it printed, please drop it into room S-421B, the BALCONY SQUARE office.

Leighton McLeod,
Literary Editor



Red Square, in Moscow, flanked by the Kremlin Wall and St. Basil's Cathedral (left) is the focal point for the famous May Day parades.

Russia, Anyone?

by Robb Palmer

Two weeks of travelling in the western portion of the Soviet Union hardly qualifies me to offer sweeping comment about life in that vast land. Impressions are all one can acquire in such a short time.

After reading reports about Soviet economic achievements and visiting the Russian pavilion at Expo, I did not doubt that great strides had been made in science, technology and industry. I was curious though, to find out if similar advances had occurred in the quality of daily life.

Not being part of a group tour, my brother and I were able to wander the streets, browse through shoe shops and department stores, and stand in line to purchase some apples and peaches. Excursions were provided at our Intourist hotels in Moscow, Yalta and Leningrad and these we used for the purposes of sightseeing and orientation. In addition, we were able to talk with a number of students who, while primarily interested in buying our clothes and American dollars, gladly consented to answer any of our questions. The majority of these conversations were carried on in inconspicuous places and never near our Intourist hotel, an area out of bounds for all local citizens.

It did not take long after we arrived in Moscow to discover that the vast majority of the people are well fed, decently clothed, and adequately housed.

There are ample consumer goods in stores, although the quality seems shoddy for the most part and the prices are very high, especially in relation to the average Soviet wage of about one hundred rubles a month (roughly \$110 U.S.). Eggs are well over a ruble a dozen, a pair of respectable shoes for women are forty rubles, and a television set that has approximately a twelve inch screen costs roughly three hundred rubles.

At the official—and highly artificial—exchange rate, a dollar is worth only ninety kopecks (90/100ths of a ruble). In the western world the ruble is worth

about twenty-five cents. Despite the fact that the exchange rate is rigidly enforced, black market operations do exist. We had numerous opportunities to carry out a profitable trade but did so only once and that was with an Australian couple who were departing for Egypt the next day.

In busy stores people have to stand in line three times to make each purchase: first to select the goods, then to pay for them, and finally to pick them up. The whole thing is so chaotic that I could not help wondering whether the government is deliberately trying to make it hard for people to buy.

When you begin to describe the amount of construction going on in Moscow and Leningrad, words come hard. Everywhere you see huge prefabricated high-rise apartment complexes rising up beside broad tree-lined boulevards. It is all quite impressive but rather monotonous. The miles and miles of white and grey residential blocks are styleless, lifeless and depressing. This is, of course, looking at the situation through Western eyes; what may be sterility to us, may be bliss for them.

On the extraordinarily wide thoroughfares in Moscow and Leningrad, there are almost as many trucks as there are cars. State-owned taxis are in abundance and private cars are relatively scarce. Public transportation is the lot of most people and at rush hour the buses and subways are jammed. Indeed the corner of Yonge and Bloor, did not seem so far away.

For the average Russian citizen who wants to flee the daily nightmare of a Moscow rush hour, the Black Sea resort towns of Odessa, Sochi, Yalta and Sukhumi are the places to go. In Yalta, life is much more relaxed. One evening, in a park near Kirov Street, I became part of a small group watching a chess match between an old bearded gentleman and a young student. Knowing only a few words of Russian, I was merely contented to nod agreement at the various moves unfolding on the board. That night was a most memorable one, for in it I saw that the Russians are very much like us, in their open-heartedness, their

delightful sense of humour and their genuine concern for others.

Entertainment of the magnitude and variety found in Western countries is noticeably lacking in Moscow and Leningrad. Gorky Street which would be Moscow's equivalent of Yonge Street but is a pretty poor imitation, is virtually deserted in the evenings.

The theatres and concert halls are filled but as we found out at the Stanislavsky Theatre one night, a large number of the theatregoers are foreign visitors.

Sports appear to play an integral part in the lives of a good number of Soviet citizens. At the Leningrad Ice Hockey Stadium, where Canada defeated Leningrad Dynamos 7-2, we observed that they are just as enthusiastic, moody, and partisan as their counterparts in Canada.

Despite the obvious material accomplishments, it is clear that not all are satisfied. There is a generation gap of sorts. Soviet university students such as Sash Igoroff and Alex Ivanov express little enthusiasm for slogans and revolutionary rah-rah. They are aware of their privileged position, but feel that, if only the controls could be relaxed (i.e. restrictions on foreign travel) things would be much more pleasant.

In Yalta, I quizzed Professor Vladimir Pleshkov of the Moscow Agricultural Academy about the possibility of student unrest in Russia. He indicated that almost all of the students were too busy with their studies to become involved in clandestine activities. Competition for entrance to the major universities is keen and those who gain admission usually work hard. It means the difference between becoming a professional worker or a factory worker.

There are other factors mitigating against active rebellion. Information is rigidly controlled and foreign magazines and newspapers, unless Communist, rarely penetrate the U.S.S.R.

One never knows if one is under surveillance or not. That the secret police do operate was confirmed for us by Victor Petrovsky, a student at Leningrad State



Inhibitions disappear on the Black Sea beaches of Yalta, as sun, sea, and mountain backdrop combine to make a relaxing atmosphere.

University. With surprising candor, he related an incident which had occurred as late as last January. At the time, over five hundred students and professors had gathered to discuss the printing of a small paper critical of Soviet internal policy. They were arrested. Punishment for those involved ranged from expulsion from the university to seven years in prison. There are probably some small secret groups which escape the vigilance of the authorities but the country at large appears turned in upon itself. It is impossible to escape the presence of Lenin; his picture is constantly before everyone.

One thing is clear, the Marxist heaven on earth has yet to become visible in Russia. There are still distinct classes—the privileged student class, the professionals, and the "working class."

Fight emphysema,
tuberculosis, and other
respiratory diseases



ENTERTAINMENT

The Rolling Stones Detroit Nov. 24

Coming into Detroit is a frightening experience for a little-travelled Canadian. Black-leather-jacketed-fuzz with handy open holsters and Rod Steiger paunches are not conducive to a calm mind and body. So we approached Olympia Stadium hoping to see the Stones do one song before finding eternal glory at the end of a billy-stick. Perusing a review of their Los Angeles thing in the New York Sunday Times didn't allay our fears.

"...The audience, recoiling in audio-visual shock, not only screeeeeeeeams, but starts charging the unguarded stage. Tasting the crowd's warm, salty blood, Mick the Jagger goes mad, tears off his belt, flogs the stage floor, incites the mob to riot and offers himself as their superhuman sacrifice..." But there weren't any police inside the stadium; not conspicuous ones anyway, and the stage rush which naturally occurred resulted in nothing more serious than squashed-discomfort—so familiar to many veteran pop-concert-attenders here. In fact the collective frenzy, although it had the backing of about ten-thousand souls, didn't nearly approach the intense emotion generated by The Who at the Coliseum in October. However, that description is incidental only to stage performance. On any other level, their work is so far beyond other groups as to take

them out of any levels of comparison.

Mick Jagger is just as exciting on stage as he used to be—only the King Bee image is being replaced by an Anti-Christ one. The obvious complexities in establishing a demonic atmosphere make staging difficult. Although he has the indisputable voice for it, Mick's heathenish spell-casting gestures and sacrificial actions (like flogging the floor) are almost too deliberate to be convincing—in fact, after due collaboration, those of us who saw him have remaining doubts about whether the first breathless part of the concert worked. It was like we weren't sure that the group was caught up in what was happening and so we were perhaps not catching it either. They were doing good songs though, so it didn't really matter—a lot of beautiful cuts from the Let it Bleed album which everybody there but us recognized because it's been released in the States since November tenth, and established works of genius like Sympathy For the Devil, and Under My Thumb, and Oh Carol; Street Fighting Man, Jumping Jack Flash, Satisfaction, Honky-Tonk Women, and a probable new classic, Midnight Rambler, which visually at least, was the climax of the performance. That was when the flogging ritual happened and necromancy thrived under the reddest, bloodiest lighting imaginable.



Perhaps the sheer quantity and quality of music to that point contributed to it, or perhaps it was the re-commencement of noise after an idyllic period of funky blues featuring just Mick and Keith playing an acoustic guitar, but critical appraisal gave way to purely emotional reaction for the duration. Then the Stadium lights went on and you could see ten thousand Detroit freaks acting beautiful and the Rolling Stones acting and sounding supernatural and you are at least momentarily convinced that any person or group making this scene happen are more than human; at least while they're on a stage....

P.S. Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts have not changed substantially in four years except for their longer hair. Mick Taylor is a reputedly fine musician, but his delicate and diminutive appearance makes him a stage shadow of Brian Jones and subtle foil for Keith, whose ear-ringed (one) dark and high-voltage-hairy-head number him easily among the Possessed. They weren't wearing make-up that night as they are in a lot of recent reports and photographs.

marguerite emily beaulieu

A Married Couple

by David Phillips

Billy Edwards, the husband of Allan King's *A Married Couple* devises, in his work as an Advertising agent, devious ways to influence people to buy commodities that they probably neither want nor need. Antoinette, Billy's wife, centers her life around the collection of commodities. Commodities are what they have in common, commodities surround them, dominate them and ultimately it is what they have become in each others eyes. And their marriage is faltering. In a sense it is like Billy's new pair of shoes that are crucifying his feet. Now the problem is, should he chuck them out or continue to wear them in agonizing trust? The solution is not so obvious for, you see, they cost him \$40. And so it is a question of what is to take priority, human or material considerations. In opting for the latter we come to demonstrate how economic categories have replaced human categories as those which dominate our lives. It is no different with the Edwards' marriage. It's hurting both of them and yet they can only understand and fight it out on a material level. They have certainly become dehumanized and the ensuing degradation is what has motivated more than one movie-goer to leave in the middle of this film. But this should not be mistaken for simply an isolated case. As Antoinette says, a divorce would be no solution for they would probably end up marrying back into the same situation.

Now the tendency is to take this as a very personal debacle. One

usually comes away weighing up each side of the case; so many points for him and so many for her. Her voice grates on the nerves but he walks around in his red bikini underwear. Score one point each. Add up your completed list and the person with most points against is the villain. It is only understandable to take this as an inter-personal problem. For after all, this is where the disease manifests itself. However the area of effect should not necessarily be taken for the cause.

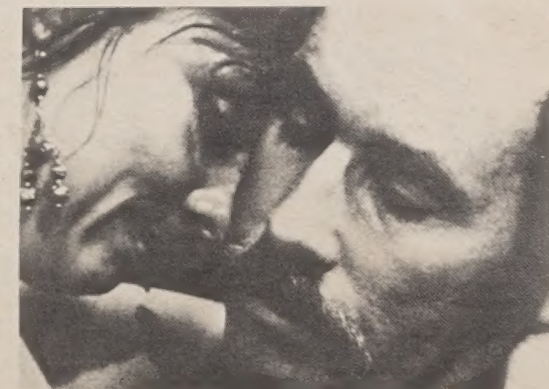
The Edwards have internalized the societal values concerning the working mechanism of a marriage. In a monogamous marriage the man provides and the women bears children. But this is by no means a natural state of affairs, that is, man is by no means a monogamous animal. But then neither is he polygamous. Various periods of history have seen both kinds. The family relationship down through the ages has been a functional part of the social and economic system of whose form and workings it is but a reflection.

It has made changes corresponding to the changes in those structures. Monogamy is but a form of the family which functions within a system based on private property in which, among other things, right of inheritance must be secured. Private ownership in a polygamous family would be ludicrous. And so the problem isn't to be found in monogamy per se. If indeed men and women, regardless of whatever system they are to live in, are to base their relationship on sexual-love, then inevitably a monogamous union of

some sort will prove most beneficial. But this is just the problem; what form is it to take? In any humanistic sense of the word, the Edwards' marriage must be judged just short of complete failure. Billy Edwards tells his wife that their problem is not one of a societal nature but simply one at a personal level.

What he fails to understand is that this analysis of his is just itself one societal value that he has adopted among many. He feels the answer to their problems to lie within the role that society has defined for the husband. This value itself is not questioned by him and thus any failure must always be seen by him to lie within himself. If he could just assert his manhood, that is, if he could come to dominate his wife then she, by the decree of force, would come to know her place and thus no longer complain about what she doesn't have. But this is no more than a new name for a tactic that he has already tried.

Antoinette complains that Billy has never accepted her for what she is but has continually tried to change her into something that accords with his own ideals. He would repackage his wife; turn her into the super useless commodity. Here is the crux of the matter. In a market society where labour-power is both bought and sold, man himself takes on the characteristics of a commodity, rather than a creative being. And this state of affairs becomes reflected in the marriage institution. Antoinette is something to manipulate, to mold, but in no case is she to be accepted in her own right as a unique individual. In her



A Married Couple produced and directed by Allan King, photographed by Richard Leiterman.

eyes his role as provider is only a glossed over manifestation of economic blackmail. And she retaliates in the only way that she knows will have any effect on him. She demands expensive things that she knows that he can't afford. And so we have one endless round of fighting on a material level. Only at certain points do they seem to break through to each other and this is only when love breaks them down to the lowest common human denominator and they meet each other as they really are. But how often these experiences can occur and how their problems can be resolved by replacing material with humanistic categories is made difficult by the fact that these must play against the greater values of a market society. And as we know the dice is loaded in the latter's favor.

A SPECIAL OFFER

A \$122.00 ENTERTAINMENT VALUE THAT COSTS YOU ONLY \$2.50
The "ACTIVITY PASSPORT" is a book of FREE PASSES, and discount coupons which invites you to enjoy various entertainment and recreational pleasures around TORONTO. Every establishment that is represented in the "ACTIVITY PASSPORT" has given a written guarantee that each pass will be fully honored.

Here is an opportunity for you to enjoy A FULL YEARS ENTERTAINMENT for ONLY \$2.50
Below is a resume of the tickets that make up your "ACTIVITY PASSPORT":

ACTIVITY	TICKETS	VALUE
Hockey - Maple Leaf Gardens (R. A.)	1	\$ 3.50
Skating - Honey Pot	1	3.50
Uplands Ski Hole	2	10.00
Discotheque - Nyah Bird	1	8.00
Riverboat	4	10.00
Speak Easy	2	2.00
The Onion	4	6.00
The Ultimate Gramophone	1	2.00
Soil City	1	1.00
Picasso Key Club	1	1.00
The Bad Pool	1	3.50
Ballroom Dancing - Club Interlude	1	4.00
Theatre - Studio Lab Theatre	2	8.00
Toronto Katsush Productions	1	2.50
Golf - Forest Hills Golf Club	1	2.50
Hombly Tower Golf Course	1	2.50
Swimming - Central Y.M.C.A.	2	6.00
Karate - Tsunoka Karate School	1	3.00
Judo - Hatahita Judo Club	1	3.00
Bowling - Don Mills Bowl, Shear's Bowl	3	30
Billiards - Embassy, Don Mills, Broadway	3	4.05
Carling - The Terrace	2	2.00
Horseshoe Riding - Circle M Ranch	2	7.00
Ice Skating - The Terrace	2	4.00
Sleigh Ride - Central Don Stables	1	2.00
Roller Skating - The Terrace	2	4.00
Bridge Studio - Kate Buckman's	4	18.25
Latin Dancing - No Mo's Discotheque	1	2.00
		Total Value \$122.75

There are just 2500 passports available - Certainly not enough for everyone, so it's advisable that you hurry and get one for yourself NOW!
AVAILABLE AT: ENGINEERING STORES, MILL BUILDING

Hawks Nest - A Change For The Better

by M. Weir

Toronto, after a four month gap following the demise of the Rock-Pile, once again has a place to come together and escape the mediocrity of A.M. radio or the beauracracy of CHUM-FM and again has the chance to hear new rock artists in a small concert venue.

The Hawk's Nest, formerly the centre for the various rhythm-n-blues acts in and around Toronto, has embarked on a policy of presenting consistently high quality hard rock and blues artists as well as those of international acclaim.

The NICE, from England, just finished a concert before a packed house and are indicative of the calibre of acts to follow. Toronto talent, such as LEIGH ASHFORD, MILESTONES, and LUCIFER, will be featured as both supporting acts and as solo attractions.

RON SCRIBNER, who not only runs the Nest but also is well known in most facets of the Toronto music scene, says he started preparations for the

change as soon as the RockPile went under because he feels and rightly so, that Toronto deserves and indeed needs a centre for rock music and all the accompanying subculture features.

This weekend promises to be one of excellent entertainment as Friday, Saturday, and Sunday feature a seven piece horn act from Hamilton who possess unique arrangements as well as a great deal of stage presence. They will be joined Saturday night by the KINKS, from England. During the two shows (7:30-10:00; 11:00-"who knows?") the band will present an anthology of their hits from "All Day and All Night" to "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" as well as performing selections from "Arthur" their new rock-opera. They will be playing the Nest following a highly successful North American tour including a show at the Fillmore E, which nearly brought down the house in reaction to "Arthur".

Tickets, available at all Sam the Record Man stores and at the
Continued on Page 4

**R
E
N
T
A
L
S**

TYPEWRITERS
ADDING MACHINES
T.V.'S
STEREO TAPE RECORDERS
STEREO RECORD PLAYERS

698-2589
DANFORTH TYPEWRITER
2940 Danforth Ave.
FREE DELIVERY



Winger Bill Bubrin clears from his penalty area, in support defenders Errol James and Captain Bernie Neuhold.

SNR Engineers Blanked

Marooners Make Soccer Finals

The soccerites managed to preserve their record of not having conceded goal in beating Snr. Engineers 2-0 in a hard fought tussle down on the St. George campus.

Both sides played attractive soccer with Scar having a slight edge. Attacking mainly on the left flank, halves Dave Sorensen and Stew Sawyer probed unceasingly. It wasn't until midway through the first half that the Marooners took the lead. Winger Bill Buboin took the ball, rounded his full-back on the by-line, drew the goalie out of the net and slipped it to the om-

nipotent Tony Galati who pushed it home. This remained the only score until half-time.

The struggle became more intense in the second half and the big stoppers in the engineers defense resorted to some dubious tactics in negating the Scar offense. Galati in particular was the recipient of some merciless "untackles" which went unpenalized by the referee, but to his credit he stuck manfully, if somewhat painfully, to his task.

Goalie Benny Skopinsky deserves mention plucking the ball off the heads of the Engineers forwards on several threatening

corner kicks. The Marooners got the clincher when inside forward Ewart Taylor hammered home a low cross from Buboin into the right hand corner of the net.

Special credit must be accorded to full-back "Hetman" Paul Woloszansky who gave a tireless display of terrier-like defense play. Engineers fell away in the latter part of the second half, leaving the Marooners undisputed winners.

Onto the final with high hope.
Comme d'habitude,
Harlequin

Record Review

By Martyn Weir

No. 1

FATHERS and SONS - Chess LPS127

Muddy Waters
Otis Spann
Paul Butterfield
Mike Bloomfield
Donald "Duck" Dunn
Buddy Miles
Phil Upchurch
Sam Lay

Any record which includes the above artists, jamming together, and accompanied by no mountains of "hype" has got to be the zenith in blues recordings.

This really is all that can be said about "Fathers & Sons" except to ask "Where can one go from here?"

It is obvious that there will never be an event like the "Super Cosmic-Joy Scout Jamboree" again, in which people like this could get together and just do what they do best, with no hangups.

The jam was spontaneous and impromptu and thus is pure, very real, and beyond the realm of hyperbole to describe.

Muddy Waters is all that, a Muddy Waters could be, Butterfield's harp is just too punchy, too piercing and Bloomfield is still showing all the rest how to play.

It is impossible to rate "Fathers & Sons". If you are into blues, this is the only record you need. If you

are not into blues, you still can't fail to grasp the overall impact of the album.

Unfortunately, as is the case

No. 2

JOE COCKER!

By Joe Cocker, A & M SP4224

Joe Cocker is a fat, twenty-four year old North Englander with all the subtlety and class of a Mack Truck. His gruff, vulgar voice approximates the sounds of a Mack Truck. The only difference in the two is that Joe is probably slightly larger.

But Joe Cocker is also perhaps the most dynamic male vocalist in rock today, exceeding even Robert Plant of Led Zeppelin.

His music is "greasy" and above all tasteless in interpretation, but has got to create more impact than any other.

To hear him roar his way through "Dear Landlord" by Dylan is quite an experience and leaves one divided between accolades or nausea. You really aren't sure if it's fresh and vibrant, or a gross prostitution of Dylan's original sentiment.

When Cocker attacks "Bird On

the Wire" by Leonard Cohen, you are really made aware of his sincerity. He is not merely shouting the lyrics, he is exclaiming "Joe Cocker feels this!" and the song does not suffer for it.

It is definitely his driving personality showing through which compensates for his somewhat unrefined voice, and enables him to sing "Something" and "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" at the same time as the Beatles, and not be regarded as a ludicrous mimic.

To rely wholly on other people's material is usually a sure indication of only temporary success, but this does not apply to Joe Cocker. His interpretations are gruff, coarse, but unquestionably sincere and overpowering. He is the best of the white, male rock interpreters, and is a definite counterpart to Janis Joplin.

Puckers Continue Winning Streak

by Junior

They even had to turn them away as a sell-out crowd of 4 and 1/2 (Joe Stelmach's brother) spectators feasted on the Scarborough Hockey College win over the hapless skull and crossbones men from medicine. At the three minute mark of the opening period rookie Doug Thomson pierced the twines with his patented rocket slapshot which was so lethal that repairs to the net had to be made after he scored.

When the second and last period opened, the Meds men were scrambling all about Scarborough goaltender Bruce Poulton and finally evened the score at 1-1 as poor clearing by the Scarborough defensemen enabled a skull and crossbone player to fire home a rebound.

After dropping his gloves in the penalty box a couple of times, Wildman Bruce Hunt (the Carl Brewer and Bobby Orr) of the Scarborough team deftly deked the J.S.'s off 4 Meds players before scooping the puck into the net. Another offensive defenseman, the Old Man of the club, Joe Stelmach, finished off a fine rush by scoring the insurance goal late in the game.

Captain Dave Aiken, rookie Scott Sullivan, old pro Iankey Pete Healy and veteran Paul Raino all had excellent opportunities to score during the contest. Paul Sullivan rocked and socked the Meds boys at the blue line and Way (swoop) Love played his usual effective game.

Puckers now lead the Div. II race with Dents, each side having 4 wins and one loss. Next game Friday, Dec. 5th, Puckers vs Business Bods, 9:15 Varsity Arena. Get down and support.



— Balcony Square - Eric Seery
Big Paul Sullivan, Bedrock of the Puckers defense.

Hawks Nest

Continued from Page 3

Hawk's Nest, are three dollars advance, and four dollars at the door.

In future weeks, the Hawk's Nest will be presenting many more hard rock and blues artists such as Leather, MRQ, Nucleus and Cathy Young, Mother Tucker's Yellow Duck, Lucifer as well as the Canadian debut of Golden

Earrings, a four man progressive band from Holland, and the return to Toronto of ERIC MERCURY, and his excellent new band.

BALCONY SQUARE will continue to keep you informed of happenings at the HAWK'S NEST and all other events as we emerge as a contemporary art-rock journal.